Mikes way, and runnes like ſwallowes ore the plaine.
Demetrius. Chiron we hunt not we, with horſe nor hound
But hope to plucke a daintie Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron *alone.*

Moore. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To burie ſo much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me ſo abiectlie,
Know that this gold muſt coine a ſtratageme,
VVhich cunninglie effected will beget,
A verie excellent peece of villanie:
And ſo repoſe ſweet gold for their vnreſt,
That haue their almes out of the Empreſſe Cheſt.

Enter Tamora *alone to the* Moore.

Tamora. My louelie *Aron*, wherefore lookſt thou ſad,
VVhen euerie thing doth make a gleefull boſt?
The birds chaunt melodie on euerie buſh,
The ſnakes lies rolled in the chearefull ſunne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling winde,
And make a checkerd ſhadow on the ground:
Vnder their ſweet ſhade, *Aron* let vs ſit,
And whilſt the babling eccho mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrillie to the well tun'd hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs ſit downe and marke their yellowing noyſe:
And after conflict ſuch as was ſuppoſde
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once inioyed,
VVhen with a happie ſtorme they were ſurpriſde,
And curtaind with a counſaile-keeping Caue,
VVe may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our paſtimes done,) poſſeſſe a golden ſlumber,
VVhiles hounds and hornes, and ſweete mellodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nurces ſong
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a ſleepe.

Moore,

Moore. Maddam, tho
Saturne is dominator oue
VVhat ſignifies my deac
My ſilence, ann my clowc
My fleece of wollie haire
Euen as an Adder when ſh
To doo ſome fatall execu
No Maddam, theſe are n
Vengeance is in my hart,
Blood and reuenge are h
Harke *Tamora* the Empr
Which neuer hopes mor
this is the daie of doome
His *Philomel* muſt looſe l
thy ſonnes make pillage
And waſh their hands in
Seeſt thou this letter? tak
and giue the king this fa
Now queſtion me no mo
Here comes a parcell of
VVhich dreads not yet t

Enter Baſc

Tamora. Ah my ſwee
Moore. No more great
Be croſſe with him, and I
To backe thy quarrels wh
Baſcianus. who haue w
Vnfurniſht of her well b
Or is it *Dian* habited lik
VVho hath abandoned
To ſee the generall hunti
Tamora. Sawcie contre
Had I the powre that ſon
Thy temples ſhould be